

THE CRUCIFIXION.



Vol. VI.

JULY, 1915.

No. 3.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
IN TIME OF WAR (SONNET). By M.A.V.	89	AN ACT OF FAITH. (STORY). By Enid Dinnis	111
THE OWNER OF GORRESTON HALL, CHAPTERS V. AND VI. By Felicia Curtis . . .	90	BY-THOUGHTS ON THE PRE- CIOUS BLOOD. By G. M. Hort	117
THE REAL GERMANY. By Very Rev. Philip Coghlan, C.P.	102	THE POPE'S CRITICS. By Rev. Oswald Doonnelly, C.P. . .	121
ALIA TENDENDA VIA EST. By Padrie Gregory	105	BATTLE FIELD SKETCHES. IV. IN THE FIRING LINE. By a Passionist Army Chaplain .	123
THE HIGHWAY OF THE CROSS. II. GETHSEMANE. By Rev. P. Wareing, C.P.	106	THE GUILD OF BLESSED GABRIEL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS	127
ST. MARY MAGDALEN	110		

Annual Subscription to *THE CROSS*, Three Shillings, post free.
Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin.
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In Time of War.

(Adapted from the Italian of Cesare Rossi.)

Slowly the organ's solemn cadence peals
Beneath the blazoned windows' glowing panes,
And round the imaged Christ the lingering strains
Gather, as reverent of His Rood, where kneels
Full many a mourner, and each sad heart feels
The hour for prayer grow closer, for now wanes
Through the dim aisles the dying day, till reigns
The darkness, while the whisper upward steals:
"O Lord, Who for our life didst rend the tomb,
How long before Thy peace desired shall bless
Thy children who amid the bitter fray
Battle"? But, hear a Voice sound thro' the gloom—
"Lo, I forget not in their sorest stress,
My chosen ones who suffer toil, and pray,"

M. A. V.

The Owner of Gorreston Hall.

"Transit gloria mundi, fides Catholica manet."

BY FELICIA CURTIS.

Author of "*Under the Rose*," "*In the Lean Years*,"
"*Near Neighbours*," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

MR. TREVYCK had doubted his wisdom in making that confidence to his daughter, even at the time when he did so; he felt still more doubtful about it, as he saw that Jemima had become graver and addicted to fits of abstraction hitherto unknown to her.

"I shall be glad when the child gets among young people like herself," he remarked to his wife, in one of his extremely rare outbursts of confidence when with her.

"That is just where the difficulty will be," returned Mrs. Trevyck querulously; "Jemima is not in the least like other girls."

"She is a good deal superior to most girls whom I have met," asserted Jemima's father with emphasis. "I should be sorry to have a daughter who was a fac-simile of all the rest of her sex."

"That is all very well, but it is a great misfortune for a girl to be in any way singular."

"Our daughter is singular in one respect, Selina," with a little gratified laugh; "she is singularly good-looking."

"That will not make her get on any better with other girls," returned his wife.

The Trevyck plans underwent another change before the return to Cappella. To her consternation Jemima discovered that she was to be left in charge of Lady Gorreston on their arrival in London, while the rest of the party went down to Trevyck.

"I cannot help it, Jemima, and *please* do not give me nervous headache by worrying me about it." Thus Mrs. Trevyck, her daughter having taken the unusual expedient of appealing to her to alter this arrangement. "Your father wishes you to be among young people of your own age. It is his suggestion; and he says he is not feeling strong enough to stand a house full of people, most of them, though relatives, comparative strangers."

"What is the matter with father?" asked Jemima, a little anxiously.

"Nerves, I believe, my dear child; nothing but nerves. Your dear father has always been absurdly nervous about

his health. It is quite easy, I believe, to imagine yourself into a state of real ill-health. If I allowed myself to dwell upon my own delicacy of constitution I should become a confirmed invalid."

So Jemima carried her appeal to her father.

"My dear little girl," patting her shoulder kindly, as they walked together under the palms, "you are worrying yourself about that little bit of confidence I made to you the other day, are you not?"

"A little, father. It would make me feel dreadfully awkward if I thought everybody knew that—ridiculous though it sounds—cousin John Gorreston and I were expected to fall in love with each other."

"There is not a living being who knows anything about it, except Gorreston, the lawyer, your mother, and myself. Even your mother did not know until the other day, when I thought it advisable—for various reasons—to tell her. She has promised to keep the information strictly to herself. Gorreston, himself, will believe you to be in ignorance of the matter. Does this reassure you?"

The relief was great. Jemima thanked him with a sudden increase of cheerfulness.

"But I would rather go to Trevyck with you and mother, than stay with granny," she said. "You always say that you are better, father; are you really better, or do you only say it to stop us from bothering you?"

"Oh, I am better; really better." The man knew he lied, knew that the day was fast coming when, for him, days would be no more; it was not for the sake of the girl beside him, but for his own reassurance that he repeated the falsehood. "You need not put on that woe-begone expression, my little daughter, I am much better."

Peter Bretton arrived, according to promise, two days before the return to Cappella; he brought with him a portfolio full of sketches, and Jemima noticed that her father was much more cheerful for his coming. She held herself aloof from the little group of three gathered round the portfolio, or sitting chatting in the shade, and took Rosalie for long tramps up the mountains, employing the time in teaching that young woman English.

Rosalie liked her young mistress, and Jemima liked the pretty, quiet-mannered maid, only two or three years older than herself.

"I shall want a maid when I go to England, mother, and Rosalie is quite willing to go with me, if you will let her?" she said when they were back at Cappella, and packing was vigorously in progress.

"She is absolutely inexperienced, my dear child, and I am not sure that your dear grandmama will like having a foreigner in the house," objected Mrs. Trevyck; but Jemima had her way.

Peter Bretton saw them off on their journey, helping Leo in arrangements for the travellers' comfort, and being useful

in a multitude of ways. He took as little notice of Jemima as was consistent with courtesy; and Miss Trevyck took even less—ostensibly—of him.

"I believe," she said to herself, as the train steamed out of the station, leaving the object of her dislike on the platform, "that man has about the worst possible opinion of me! I could see it in his face!"

Then she reflected that the opinion of Mr. Peter Bretton was not of the very slightest importance, and dismissed him from her mind.

The Gorreston household was what in our great-grandmothers' days was styled "serious." Regular attendance at church was insisted upon; the domestics occupying pews where they were under the observant eye of their mistress. Dinner on Wednesdays was an hour later in order to permit attendance at the one week-day service. Absence from family prayers was only permitted in cases of illness.

To Jemima's great satisfaction there were no visitors during the first week of her stay, after her parents had departed. Two cousins—daughters of the High Anglican couple—were to come for a lengthy stay during the following week. Mr. and Mrs. Trevyck only stayed one night to recruit after the journey.

Lady Gorreston was pleased with her new granddaughter's personal appearance. The girl carried herself uncommonly well, she never slouched, or sprawled, as—thus Lady Gorreston—so many young persons who should have known better were in the habit of doing. There was a good deal of pride in Jemima's bearing, and, of course, pride is sinful; but—Lady Gorreston, when it concerned a member of her own family, thought—self-respect, *proper* pride, was quite another matter.

She was a splendid old lady, tall and erect, with a wealth of white hair, deftly arranged by a maid who trembled at her frown. Her surroundings, generally, stood in awe of her.

"Have you quite recovered from the fatigue of your journey, Jemima?" she asked one morning. It was Saturday. Jemima had arrived on Monday. The girl laughed as she replied:

"Why I was not tired in the least, grandmama."

"I thought you must be, my dear, as you did not appear at family worship."

Jemima stared.

"I do not understand, grandmama."

"You know what family prayers mean, I suppose, child?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I read something about them in one of father's novels. Everybody saying their prayers together, isn't it? It must be rather funny."

"Funny! Is that how you regard an act of worship, child?"

"It seems funny to me, grandmama," with a slightly apologetic tone, "because, of course, you know, at home we do not believe in that sort of thing."

"What church—or"—bracing herself for the worst—"chapel, have you and your mother and father attended?"

"We do not attend any church or chapel. We don't believe in it, you understand."

"In 'it'? In what?"

"In religion." Jemima smiled pleasantly at her grandmother, as though stating some commonplace fact. "We are atheists."

"Jemima!!" Half-a-dozen notes of exclamation would not do justice to Lady Gorreston's tone.

The girl looked at her in surprise. There was a perceptible note of offence in her voice as she said:

"I suppose, grandmama, that one is not obliged to believe in any particular religion?"

"Do you know what the word 'atheist' means?"

"Yes. It means 'without God'; we—father, Leo and myself, I really do not know what mother thinks, I have never asked her, but I suppose she is the same—are atheists."

There was a silence. Jemima picked up the embroidery she had been doing, and went on with it quietly. They were sitting in a large, pleasant room overlooking the garden lying in the middle of the Square. The trees were in all the beautiful young foliage of the English spring; the sky pale turquoise, flecked with white. It was all very peaceful, and ordinary, but Lady Gorreston felt as if the foundations of civilisation had suffered a shock. The worst of it was that—contrary to all precedent—she did not know how to manage the case.

"You will be good enough not to repeat that statement to anyone, Jemima," she said at last; "such a profession of unbelief sounds very shocking to a Christian."

"Certainly, grandmama, I will not mention it, unless I am asked; and, of course, nobody ever talks about such things. We have met crowds of people while we have been travelling, and I do not know what was the religion of any single one of them."

Lady Gorreston's fingers busied themselves with the silk stocking she was knitting.

"I wish you to attend family prayers while you are with me, Jemima; and to go with me to church."

Jemima reflected for an instant before replying, then said quietly:

"Very well, grandmama. I do not mind, of course."

"It is the duty of every gentlewoman to set a good example to the lower classes."

The girl's eyes twinkled mirthfully.

"In my case, grandmama, if the lower classes knew the truth, they would decide that I was setting an example of hypocrisy."

Lady Gorreston became a little more erect.

"You must leave such matters to the better judgment of your elders, my dear. Your cousins Clare and Teresa

Newton will be here next week; they are very nice, good girls; you can talk to them about this unfortunate belief of yours if you like. Their father, your Uncle Newton, you know, is a clergyman."

"Oh thank you, grandmama, but I do not suppose we shall want to talk about such things. There are so many things I want to ask about English ways, that are far more interesting. I really am not a bit interested in religion."

There was a pause. Lady Gorreston glanced at the graceful figure bending over her work in the opposite chair, and wondered what she was going to do with this perplexing descendant of hers. The girl's courteous acquiescence in her wishes about the church-going and prayers certainly, so the old lady reflected, saved appearances—and appearances counted for much in Lady Gorreston's estimation; but—?

"There is another matter, my dear—I am sorry to trouble you about it; but will you be so kind as to tell your maid she must not bring that string of beads with her to prayers?"

"String of beads, grandmama? Oh, you mean her rosary. Why mustn't she bring them?"

"They are popish; a part of the idolatrous worship of Rome. I was horrified when I happened to see her this morning, paying not the slightest attention to the chapter I was reading, but her lips moving in prayer to those ridiculous beads, poor thing."

"Rosalie is a very sensible girl; I do not think she can be actually praying to the beads," replied Jemima thoughtfully, "though of course she can pray to them if she likes; but I will tell her she is not to bring them to prayers."

"I must get some little books in Italian for her. Sound Protestant teaching, showing the errors of Rome," said Lady Gorreston.

"But Rosalie is a Roman Catholic."

"That is no reason why she should remain one," was the reply, and Jemima did not trust herself to answer. She exceedingly resented what she mentally dubbed her grandmother's interference.

The interview over, Jemima went in search of Rosalie, and here a fresh surprise awaited her; for, when with considerable difficulty the girl made her attendant understand that the rosary was an object abhorrent to the Protestant mind, the fact, hitherto unknown, presented itself to the devoutly Catholic young woman that she had been present for five consecutive mornings and evenings at a heretical form of worship. Rosalie flatly refused to be present at that worship again.

"It really is absolutely sickening," said the disgusted Jemima in her letter to Leo that night, "the fuss English people make about religion!"

Miss Trevyck went dutifully to church beside the old lady in the comfortable carriage next morning. The church was one of those uninterestingly hideous Georgian buildings, dear to the Protestant mind. A frightful east window depicting a

solemn event, rendered ludicrous, even to a reverent observer, by its treatment; mendacious memorial tablets on the walls, supported by over-fed cherubs blowing disproportionate trumpets; a want of air that made the congregation inclined to slumber; and a sermon on a subject Jemima knew nothing about: "The growth of Puseyism in the English Church."

It was the first time that Mr. Trevyck's daughter had been present at a Protestant service; she thought it the dreariest performance she had ever witnessed; and wondered at the imbecility of the people who preferred spending two long hours in that stuffy atmosphere, to a walk in the Park, now gay with spring flowers. She compared the service, much to its disadvantage, with the one she had heard, without understanding, on the rock of Monaco.

But all other matters for thought had to give way on the following day to one absorbing, worrying idea; the coming of no less a person than Sir John Gorreston.

Lady Gorreston looked up from her letters with a very complacent expression on her fine old face, as they sat at breakfast.

"I have very agreeable news, Jemima," she said. "John Gorreston has been staying for a day or two at the Newtons', and is bringing the girls. You will like your cousin Gorreston, my dear, I think. He is exactly what a young man should be."

Whereupon Jemima privately decided that he would probably be hateful—which is what nine girls out of ten would do in the same circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

"So you are little Jemima!"

The voice was a particularly pleasant one; the hand-clasp given by its owner very cordial; the manner brotherly in its absolute unconsciousness of any cause for embarrassment. Jemima's fears took flight, and she responded with equal ease to John Gorreston's greeting.

"Yes, I am little Jemima. Do you remember my poor old doll, 'Angelica Amanda'? I have her still."

"The lady I fished out of the mud? Yes, I remember her. You hear that, granny? Mark how early I began to play the knight to distressed damsels!"

The old lady smiled on him indulgently. Her only son's only child was very dear to her. He was a stalwart young fellow, his black eyes and strongly-marked black eyebrows in strong contrast with his silvery-white hair. All the Gorrestons went white before reaching thirty. Jemima thought those silver locks very effective. She was more at her ease with Cousin John than she felt with the two irreproachably-dressed, correctly-mannered Newton girls.

Those young ladies were of the type usually described as "nice girls"; saying the right things at the right time to the

right people—such people being those of their own social standing. To the inferior inhabitants of their father's parish they were gracefully condescending, with that indefinable air of stooping from celestial heights characteristic of the manner of clerical feminine belongings—when those clerics are of the Establishment.

A delightful room overlooking the Square was appropriated to the use of the three girls; a writing-table stood in each of the windows; there were books in abundance in the tall book-cases. Jemima stood by the window making up her mind to write to her mother, a task she always found extremely difficult, when her cousins came into the room next morning.

"We thought you might have liked to go to Mass with us, cousin, this morning; but your maid said you were asleep—as well as we were able to understand"—said Clare, the elder of the sisters. "I wish I could speak Italian; you must be quite a linguist after so much travelling."

"I can manage to ask for what I want in sundry languages," replied Jemima with a little laugh, "and make out what is in the newspapers—most of them, but that is all."

"It must be delightful to be able to read Dante in the original," from Teresa, with a slightly sentimental air.

"Dante? You mean the *Divina Commedia*? I have not read it in any language. It is about heaven and saints and such things, isn't it? I do not think it can be very interesting," replied Miss Trevyck airily.

Her hearers looked slightly shocked.

"Would you like to go with us to-morrow?" inquired Clare; "it is a ten minutes walk—we go to the eight o'clock Mass at Gimp Street."

"I thought Protestants did not go to Mass?"

"We are not Protestants," returned Clare, with a little flush.

"I beg your pardon." Jemima saw that she had in some way quite outside her comprehension, given offence. "But I thought you were of the same religion as grandmama."

"Of course we are—in a sense; we belong to the Church of England. Dear grandmama, however, is Low Church."

"Very Low!" asserted Teresa, with a mournful shake of the head that caused Jemima a severe struggle with inward mirth.

"And what are you?" she asked, when she had sufficient control over herself to speak.

"We are Catholics."

"Rosalie, my maid, is a Catholic; are you of the same religion?"

"No. That is, not if your maid is a *Roman* Catholic. We are *Anglican* Catholics."

Jemima's sense of humour was gaining the upper hand. There was a wicked twinkle in her eyes as she asked:

"And my other cousins? Those at Blurton-on-Snows, I mean? What are they?"

"The Wynnes? Oh *they* are not Catholics," with a little contempt in the tone.

"Are they Church of England?"

"Yes. But Uncle Wynne is dreadfully Broad Church in his views; he even speaks at Dissenting meetings and that sort of thing."

The tone was lugubrious. Jemima regarded the speaker for a second, then, to the blank amazement of her relatives, went off into peals of laughter.

"I do not understand what you find amusing in my statement, cousin Jemima," said Clare, sitting very erect, and glaring at the delinquent in the depths of the opposite easy-chair.

Jemima sat up, and made a struggle for gravity.

"I really beg your pardon, cousin Clare; but"—there was an ominous shake in the voice—"it all sounds so excessively funny to me; absolutely ludicrous!"

"I should be obliged, really obliged, Jemima," in the tone—a judicious blend of clerical and lay—she usually reserved for the monthly meetings of the Guild of Saint Fantasia, whereof she was Directress, "if you would point out what you find so extremely laughable in the information I have given you," said Clare with dignity.

"I suppose that it all seems so odd to me because I am not used to English ways; we have been abroad so long; but in other countries the people seem to take their religion as a matter of course; *here*, religion seems to be all split up somehow."

"If you are alluding to Dissent—" began Teresa.

"I do not even know what it means—not with a capital D, you know. Of course I am extremely ignorant; but—if you belong to a Church, why you *do* belong to it?"

"Naturally."

"Then how can you and granny and my cousins at Blurton-on-Snows all belong to the same Church, when you call one part of it 'Low,' and another 'High,' and another 'Broad'? It sounds as if you were describing some building."

"It is a matter of Doctrine," said Clare with emphasis.

"But—if you have 'High' and 'Low' and 'Broad' doctrine it cannot possibly be one Church, can it? Of course it is not of the very slightest consequence whether one is High, or Low, or Broad; and that is what strikes me as so amusing; you seem to take it quite seriously; but it is of no use saying you all belong to the same Church, when you do not believe the same things, is it?"

Neither of her hearers made any reply. They simply looked at her in bewilderment.

"And as to your being Catholics, cousin, and yet belonging to the same Church as granny does, that is—excuse me—impossible. Rosalie is a Catholic; and grandmama was quite displeased because she brought a rosary to prayers; if grandmama were a Catholic—"

"She is not," interpolated Teresa impatiently; "she is Protestant to the very marrow of her bones."

"And yet belongs to your Church! It is illogical! But, there, what does it matter? It is a subject not worth wasting one's time upon."

The two well-brought-up daughters of the Rector—who called himself "Father," and vested himself to correspond—regarded the girl with something approaching horror.

"Do you mind telling us what your religion is?" asked Clare at length.

"Thank goodness, I haven't any! I should never know whether I was right or wrong in this chaos of creeds."

"You—have—no—religion? Cousin Jemima, that is a very dreadful thing to say! But of course you must belong to the Church, because you would be baptized into it when you were a baby."

"I don't think I was," returned Jemima, who was getting tired of being catechised. "Father thinks that kind of thing nonsense, and—though I cannot say that I understand anything about it—so do I."

Silence, a silence full of meaning, followed. Jemima, with a strong inclination to laugh, was yet conscious of a sense of irritation. She glanced from one to the other of her cousins; both were apparently regarding the sparrows in the Square. Then—with the air of performing a funeral rite—Clare gathered her writing materials together and departed, followed by Teresa.

"Come into my room," said the elder girl; "I really could not trust myself to speak!"

"I wonder what John Gorreston will think of such sentiments!" remarked Teresa; "he is not particularly religious; but at any rate he is orthodox."

"What can my Aunt Selina be like to allow a girl to grow up like this one has done? You heard her call Baptism—nonsense!"

"She said that she didn't understand anything about it, though. She is a downright pagan!"

"Granny ought not to have asked her here just when John was coming. That is just like granny. She never thinks of anyone but herself," went on Clare disgustedly. "If she liked she could give us any number of chances! Fancy having three girls to stay with her at the same time, and one solitary man!"

"What do you think of her looks?" Teresa was *not* referring to her grandmother.

"She is dreadfully brown; but her hair is beautiful—I suppose it is all her own; and her eyes are fine."

"I heard the gran say to John last night that her granddaughter Jemima is one of the few young women who know how to enter a room properly. She certainly cannot be accused of shyness."

"I wonder if she can sing," mused Clare anxiously.

"At any rate she cannot possibly know John's songs, so she will not oust me as accompanist," observed Teresa, whose ambition it was to be the future Lady Gorreston; an ambition

shared by a good many of her contemporaries. The pleasant, wealthy owner of Gorreston Hall was a favourite with the majority of his acquaintances.

"I shall take an early opportunity of enlightening John on that girl's shocking sentiments," announced Clare. "Men never like women who are without religious principles."

"Do!" said her sister warmly. "What with your long engagement, and John's shilly-shallying way of paying me attentions that make people talk, and do no good whatever, we shall be looked upon as old maids soon."

"Nonsense! Girls are never considered old maids now-a-days. And, as I am twenty-five, and you twenty-three, it is decidedly a little premature to talk about old maidenhood for either of us."

"I am always in dread of being obliged to marry one of father's curates in the long run," sighed Teresa. The sisters had no secrets from each other. "I would almost rather be an old maid than marry a curate."

Clare looked at a band of rubies on her left hand, and sighed a little.

"If I had known about that ridiculous will, when I engaged myself, I would never have consented to wait. No one has a right to leave an inheritance conditional on the heir's remaining unmarried until he is thirty. It is absurd!"

"Well, you could have married and forfeited the inheritance."

"And my husband and myself be reduced to live on my fortune; and you know, Teresa, that father is not likely to leave us anything at the rate we live. When mother's money is divided between us, it will not be such a very large sum."

"Granny is sure to leave us something."

"I've not unlimited faith in granny. She's a tyrannical old thing."

But in spite of that verdict the young woman smiled with ingratiating sweetness on the old lady when the party gathered in the great drawing-room, and guests came and went throughout the afternoon. It was all very new and pleasant to Jemima, whom the old lady kept near her, introducing "my grand-daughter," with considerable pride in the girl's beauty and grace, to her friends.

It was a relief to hear pleasant chat about books, and music, and kindred subjects, too. John Gorreston came up to the old lady presently, bringing with him a bearded personage, who proved to be a noted traveller of whom Jemima had heard her father speak. He sat down beside her, and for a full half-hour the girl and the man thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The room was thinning when at length he rose to go. John Gorreston came up at that moment.

"Dr. Sclater is coming down to Gorreston to see the hawthorn in bloom," said John, as with Jemima beside her the old lady stood taking leave of her guests. "Couldn't you make a party, granny, just a family one, the cousins and your

fair self, and come at the same time, and I'll ask one or two people to meet you?"

"What do you say, Jemima?" inquired the old lady smiling as she saw the pleasure in the girl's eyes. "The Gorreston hawthorns are famous; and the Hall is an interesting old place."

"It is as big as the British Museum, cousin Jemima, and about as comfortable a residence," interposed John Gorreston.

"That conveys nothing to me," she answered with a laugh. "I do not know what the Museum is like."

"Ye gods! Fancy that, Sclater! Here's a treat for you. Jemima, it is the joy of Dr. Sclater's otherwise useless existence, to take unsuspecting strangers round that curio shop, and cram them with fables about its contents."

"I shall be delighted to show some of its treasures to you, Miss Trevyck, if you will allow me," said the Doctor; "pay no attention to Gorreston, he is an ignoramus."

So an appointment was made for to-morrow, to include Clare and Teresa, who had now joined the group, and who expressed much satisfaction at the prospect of the visit to Gorreston.

"What is the Hall really like?" asked Jemima, when the girls were alone together.

"Oh, it is a great rambling place of all ages," replied Teresa with a proprietary air that slightly puzzled Jemima. "The most ancient part was built in the reign of Henry the Seventh; then there is a bit of Queen Elizabeth; and any quantity of George the First and Second; and the house is full of old furniture and pictures and china."

"There are priests' hiding-holes, too; though I have never seen one; they are in the Elizabethan part of the house."

"What priests?" asked Jemima. "I mean of what religion?"

"Catholic," replied Clare briefly.

"Do you mean *real*—that is—*Roman Catholic*, cousin Clare?"

"Yes," answered Clare snappishly.

"Who persecuted them? I am sorry to ask so many questions, but I am dreadfully ignorant about history; I know scarcely anything about it in fact, but strings of names and dates. Who persecuted these priests, so that they were forced to hide?"

"The Protestants."

"That means the Church of England, doesn't it? It must, of course?"

"I suppose it does," replied her cousin reluctantly; and Jemima said no more.

Clare had conveyed the expression of her sorrow and wonder at Jemima's heathenish condition to John Gorreston, without the communication having made any visible effect upon that gentleman. The sisters were inclined to be exceed-

ingly jealous of the newcomer, having no desire to have a sharer in their grandmother's good graces. Their father lived luxuriously, and was extravagant in his tastes; their mother spent most of her income upon herself. Lady Gorreston's occasional cheques made a welcome addition to the two girls' rather scrumpy dress allowances.

Jemima was, fortunately for her peace of mind, unconscious of all but the fact that she was finding London a very pleasant place. She enjoyed most things thoroughly, and bore the weekly infliction of a couple of hours spent in the contemplation of that dreadful east window every Sunday with cheerful serenity.

That penance had to be shared by Clare and Teresa. Lady Gorreston—to use her own expression—would "stand no nonsense" on that point.

"Your father is a clergyman of the Church of England, my dears," said the old lady with decision; "therefore you will attend divine service with me."

May was in all its beauty when the little party went down to Gorreston, and the first sight that greeted Jemima's astonished eyes as she looked out of the window when the train puffed into the little station some five miles from the Hall, was Peter Bretton standing with Leo beside him, evidently waiting for them.

"Why——" she began in amazement; when Clare exclaimed:

"Peter! Of all people in the world!"

"You know him?" asked Jemima as the train stopped.

"Of course she does," whispered Teresa, Clare being oblivious of the question. "Why they have been engaged for the last five years!"

(To be continued.)

The Real Germany.

TO those who in spite of the evils of the age we live in consider it in most respects an immense improvement on past ages, and I confess that I am of their number, the conduct of the present war by Germany came as a disappointing and wholly unexpected revelation. We read of the cruelties and barbarities of past ages; we wondered how nations which called themselves Christian could have adopted, for instance, systems of criminal procedure which were not only utterly inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity but also a notable retrogression from the milder and more humane legislation of the Old Testament; and we felt happy in the thought that all those cruelties and barbarities practised alike in peace and in war had, or at least the worst of them, passed away with the ages themselves in which they had been committed. We were, however, soon to be undeceived. The war broke out, and almost from the very beginning of it the old spirit of savagery which we had fondly hoped was dead, reappeared, and this time among a people which boasted of being in the forefront of enlightenment and progress. In the words of the finding of the Bryce Committee appointed by our Prime Minister, "Murder, lust, and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilised nations during the last three centuries." To those who happened to admire and even love Germany, and their number in the United Kingdom was not small, there was an added pang to the disappointment and disillusionment. They felt as if some dear friend whom they had long admired and revered had suddenly thrown off the disguise which concealed those evil qualities of whose existence they had no suspicion, and as if he stood before them with all his moral deformity exposed to view. That the land of Kant who, whatever evil results his speculations may have had, boldly and unswervingly upheld that rule of conduct: "So act that the maxims of thy will may at all times hold good as a principle of universal legislation," of Goethe, who, amid the clash of arms and the strife and struggle which filled in so great a part of the period in which his long life was cast, remained unmoved upon serene Olympian heights, of the pure and noble souled Schiller, who uttered nothing mean,—that this land, I say, should have fallen so low, was a thought unspeakably saddening. It seemed that for them the Germany they had known no longer existed, and never would emerge into existence again.

Across the Taunus forest the winds of spring may blow.
Past vineyards green and castle walls the rippling Rhine may flow.

In Stendal and in Ingolstadt may bloom the linden tree,
And men may gaze, but never more may men see Germany.*

* From a poem in the "Saturday Westminster."

War is war; "and in all wars many shocking and outrageous acts must be expected, for in every large army there must be a proportion of men of criminal instincts whose worst passions are unloosed by the immunity which the conditions of warfare afford."† It would be a consolation to think that the outrages were merely the work of individual soldiers, inflamed by passion, who had cast off all restraint. Unfortunately we cannot believe this. The outrages were part of a system sanctioned by the German authorities who sought to carry out with characteristic thoroughness the advice of Bismark: "Cause to non-combatants the maximum of suffering: leave the women and children nothing but their eyes to weep with." That this is true is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by the conclusions arrived at by the Committee already mentioned composed of men whose high standing and special qualifications for the delicate task of judicial inquiry are sufficient to inspire us with absolute confidence in their judgments.

We were formerly proud of our German fellow-Catholics, and not without reason. When the great Bismark was at the zenith of his power, they boldly presented a united front to oppose his measures for the enslavement of the Church; and in spite of his repeated protestations that he would never go to Canossa, they succeeded at length in compelling him to take that memorable journey. And when happier days came, they continued to maintain the same determination and union. We must bear in mind that the Catholics in Germany do not form an insignificant fraction of the people as their brethren do in England. They amount to considerably more than a third of the whole population; and their representatives in the Reichstag constitute the most numerous of all the German political parties. Yet since the war began we have looked in vain for any utterance of theirs which would exempt them from the common guilt. On the contrary, they have shown by word and act that they are not in the least better than their Protestant or unbelieving fellow-countrymen. We learn from the French official Report how the soldiers from Bavaria, a kingdom for the most part Catholic, were not behind their brother Germans in atrocities; the London *Observer* describes the ravings of Herr Erzberger, the well-known Catholic deputy, as "like nothing so much as the hallucinations of homicidal madness"; while the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*, the most popular and widely read Catholic paper in the German Empire, wrote in the following callous terms of that crowning act of savagery, the sinking of the *Lusitania*: "The sinking of the *Lusitania* is a success for our submarines, which must be placed beside the greatest achievements in this naval war. The sinking of the great British steamer is a success, the moral significance of which is still greater than the material success. With joyful pride we con-

† Bryce Report, p. 31.

template this latest deed of our Navy, and it will not be the last."

Only a small section of the Socialists ventured to express a mild dissent from the triumphant pæans that ascended when some fresh deed of horror worse than the last had been successfully perpetrated. We have thus the spectacle of a whole nation united almost as one man for evil, throwing off the restraints of Christianity, ignoring all laws human and divine, steeling their hearts against the instincts of our common nature, and joining in a vast orgy where

all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream.

I have drawn special attention to the attitude of the German Catholics. If they have allowed themselves to be sucked into the vortex of destruction where all the nobler feelings and finer instincts of our nature are swallowed up, we need not wonder at the conduct of those whose hold on Christianity is of the slenderest or who impudently and unblushingly profess their utter disbelief in the existence of God itself.

Such are the enemies who face us, and unfortunately their power for evil falls only a little short of their will. We live in a time such as our fathers or our fathers' fathers never experienced, when all the people of these islands are confronted with a common danger and that the greatest conceivable. A victory for the Germans, over and above the humiliation it would entail, would set back the clock of progress, substitute the law of might for that of right, strike a blow at Christianity which would render it comparatively powerless for good, and subject Europe to a domination the most malign and heartless imaginable. I have been informed on good authority that there are in Germany Catholic ecclesiastics wise enough to apprehend that if the Kaiser and the military party were successful in this war they would turn their weapons against the Church, and endeavour to accomplish the design which Bismark in vain attempted. The Prussian autocracy regards with a jealous and hostile eye the only recognised body in the Empire which preserves its independence of the State and resolutely refuses to surrender it; and it would fain draw the Church into the vast network of organizations which are subservient to the State and to the ends it has in view, and which are directed by it. What was attempted before might be attempted again, and this time with a greater measure of success. However this may be, it requires no great sagacity to perceive that it would be impossible for the Church to flourish in such an atmosphere as exists in Germany at present. On the other hand, the failure of Germany to achieve her objects would clear the air of those pestilential vapours which at present poison it and would render it comparatively wholesome to breathe once more.

Viewed then from almost any standpoint the present war may for us be regarded as a holy war, as holy as those wars

of old when men donned the Cross and went forth to fight the infidel. We have seen in these islands the glorious spectacle of hundreds of thousands of men drawn from every class of society, many of them renouncing brilliant prospects, and all of them going nobly forth to do and suffer, and ready in case of need to offer the supreme sacrifice of life itself in the cause of patriotism, liberty, and civilization. They felt the inspiration of one united spirit, one common purpose, which levelled all distinctions of class and creed. In face of this magnificent display, I do not envy the man whoever he may be who, without any legitimate excuse, remains at home when his place is at the front, and coolly and ignobly sees others depart for the post of hardship and danger. If the worst came to the worst, a man can die but once, and it is safe to say that no one will have it in his power to die for a holier cause than that in which we are engaged at present.

PHILIP COGHLAN, C.P.

Alia Tendenda Via Est.

The lean and leafless trees are darkly set
Against enangered skies that no stars dight
And far-off voices call me onward yet—
Though I am weary, Melancholy Night.

The hollow way with sharpéd thorns was strewn,
With jagged crags and rocks, the rugged height,
My feet are bleeding; can'st not hear me moan:
Hast thou no pity, Melancholy Night?

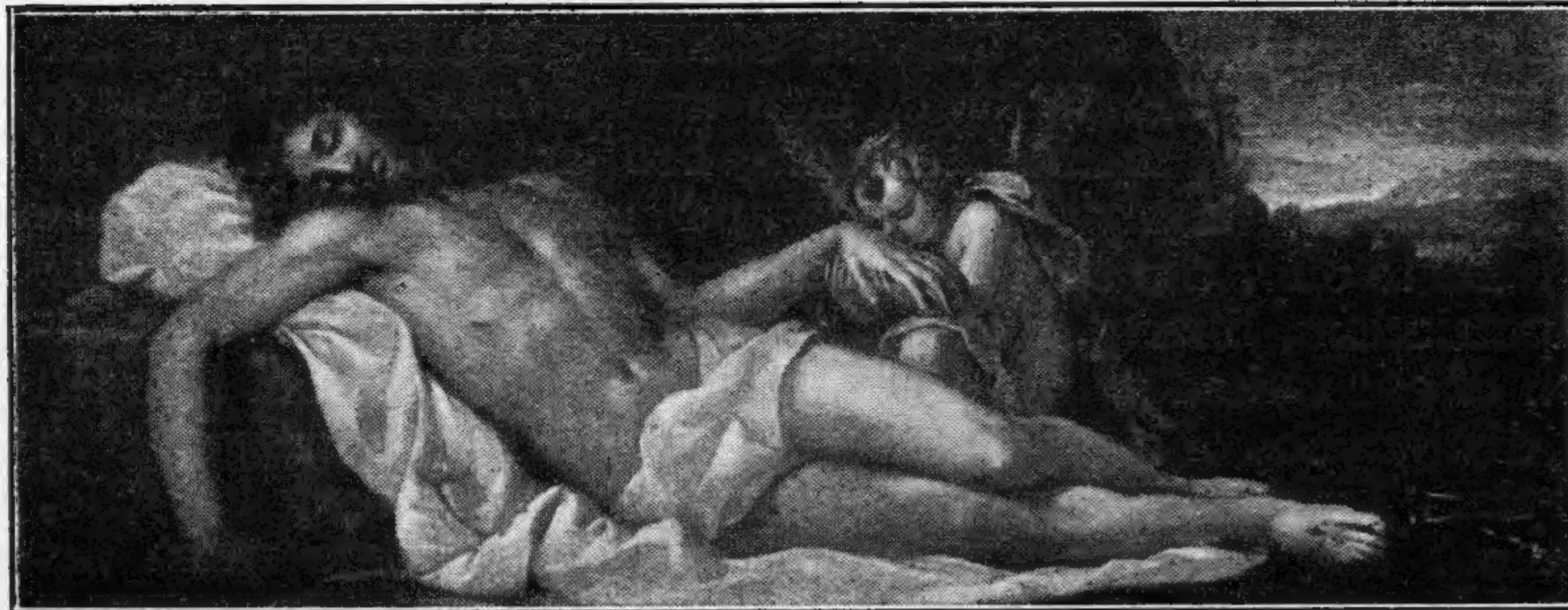
I have gained all: and I have nothing gained.
The years leer round with faces drawn and white;
My sandals are out-worn, my cloak mire-stained,
My strength is broken, Melancholy Night.

The dark wraiths lured me to the topmost peaks,
I stand tear-blinded in the waning light,
I shall not see a new Dawn's silver streaks—
May I not rest, now, Melancholy Night?

Fairer my love than Petrarch's love; more fair
Than Beatrice, or Tasso's heart's-delight,
Give me to kiss once more her fragrant hair—
My heart is breaking, Melancholy Night.

I've clomb so high, God's glimmering camp above
Is not far off; then pity my sad plight—
Give me back youth and strength and hope and love
Or Death's clay arms, O Melancholy Night!

PADRIC GREGORY.



The Highway of the Cross.

II.—GETHSEMANE.

JERUSALEM stood high, as became the city of God, upon a crest of the chain of mountains that traverses Palestine from north to south, descending on the west to the plains that border the Mediterranean, and more precipitately on the east to the nearer and lower level of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Within and without the walls were hills, separated from each other by valleys and ravines, formed by the torrential rains of an earlier period, and much deeper in Our Lord's time before the debris of ruins and the dust of ages had tended to level them. The outer girdle almost surrounding the city as a natural rampart, had on its eastern side the hill called from its olive groves Mount Olivet: "the hill that is over against Jerusalem" (III. Kings, xi. 7); that is "on the east side of the city" (Ezech., xi. 23); beyond the torrent Kedron (II Kings, xv. 23, 30); a sabbath day's journey from the city (Acts, i. 12). It is not so much a hill as a range of hills divided by low depressions; the highest of its summits is about 2,660 feet above the level of the sea.

At the foot of this hill, beside the road to Bethany and not far from the bridge that spanned the valley and dark stream of Kedron, was a garden called Gethsemane, *i.e.*, "The olive-press." The gardens of Palestine had not the formal planting and culture we associate with the name; they were simply large spaces, enclosed by wall of limestone or thicket-hedge, where fruit-bearing trees grew in clusters. That Gethsemane was of considerable extent is evident from its having an olive mill of its own, from the expressions of the evangelist, and from St. Jerome's use of the Latin word "villa," signifying usually a country residence. Of the olive grove that occupied the greater part of this garden there now remain eight trees long fallen into decay, but that every

year put forth leaves and branches. It is just possible that these witnessed the last visit of Jesus to Gethsemane. At its furthest northern extremity is a grotto, about fifty-six feet long, thirty feet wide, and twelve feet high. The garden certainly belonged to some friend of Our Lord, probably to one of His kindred, for the sepulchre of Our Lady's parents was close to the grotto, and afterwards she herself was laid to rest in a tomb close by. In fact we may believe that here were her birthplace and childhood's home. In His visits to Jerusalem Our Lord was accustomed to resort here for solitude and prayer; sometimes He took the evening meal, or passed the night in the shelter of the grotto, when it was not convenient to go to His friends at Bethany. Consequently Judas knew the garden, every path and corner of it.

To this garden, late at night, on the Pasch, two groups made their way.

It was about half-past ten or eleven when Our Lord and His apostles reached it; they would have had a key and entered at once. Eight were told to rest near the entrance, while the three who had seen Him glorified on Thabor go with Him into the recesses of the garden and perceive fear, weakness and some great weight of sorrow overwhelming Him. Then He went alone far into the grotto, for the long agony and prayer to His Father. He had asked them to watch and pray with Him; but as they crouched under shelter of trees or rock with mantle drawn over head, they had gradually yielded to sleep. When He wakened them, their astonished eyes beheld Him as they had never seen Him before in the years of their close companionship. He is as one just rescued from the death of drowning, for "all the waves have gone over Him," weak and trembling; His garments wet with the dews of night, and stained with the dust of the grotto, and here and there spots of blood, His face pallid, His hair and beard matted, His eyes full of tears, His voice sweet with tenderness and entreaty. He left them and again they slept "for their eyes were heavy." Again He came to them; and now calmness has surmounted suffering, yet strange words fall upon their awakening senses: "Sleep ye now and take your rest. Behold the hour is at hand."

He was yet speaking when the second group reached the garden, and lights were seen glimmering at the gate. Their leader, "one of the twelve," knew the place right well. Judas of Kerioth (a little town south of Hebron) was the only apostle Judea had given Our Lord. With all his countrymen, he had expected a Messiah who would reign in power and splendour at Jerusalem over a world-wide empire. With the other apostles he had been looking forward to a high place in it—perhaps to the control of its vast revenues with golden opportunities for himself and friends. But in his shrewd mind these visions had soon grown dim, and then had died away. The severe warning given him in the synagogue of Capharaum, the marked disapprobation of St. John at his grumbling about the ointment poured over Our Lord's feet

by Magdalen had reached but to harden his narrow heart. On Wednesday, or perhaps on the Tuesday night in the darkness, he had slipped away from the others, and gone to the private residence of the high priest Caiphas, a villa situated outside the walls, and overlooking the city from the south, and had there made his infamous proposal. He would deliver Jesus of Nazareth, with certainty, secrecy and at once into their power—but for a consideration. He doubtless drove as hard a bargain as possible, but they would give him only thirty silver shekels,* the market price of a slave, and with these he was fain to be content. The time was fixed, Thursday evening, and the escort duly promised.

Such the leader; what of the company he led? It was numerous, for it is called "a multitude," and was carefully organised to secure success. There were no Roman soldiers, for the case had not yet been brought before the Procurator. The inspired narrative speaks of swords and clubs, lanterns and torches. There were: first some of the Temple guards, a quasi-military force under the control of the priests, and charged with the defence of the approaches, and precincts of the sacred fane, they were armed with a short curving single-edged sword; with them, some of the servants of the Sanhedrim, a quasi-police force, to carry out the orders, etc., of the Council, these were armed with clubs or staves; with these were other servants bearing lanterns and torches; and lastly a few priests and doctors of the law with their friends. The band was probably augmented by some of the populace attracted by curiosity. Near the entrance of the garden Judas repeated his instructions. They are to search every corner of the garden; seize the prisoner and bind him at once, lest by some magical art he disappear; the guards would overawe any sign of resistance; if in the dimness of light or confusion there should be any doubt as to whom to arrest, he himself would go forward and kiss him.

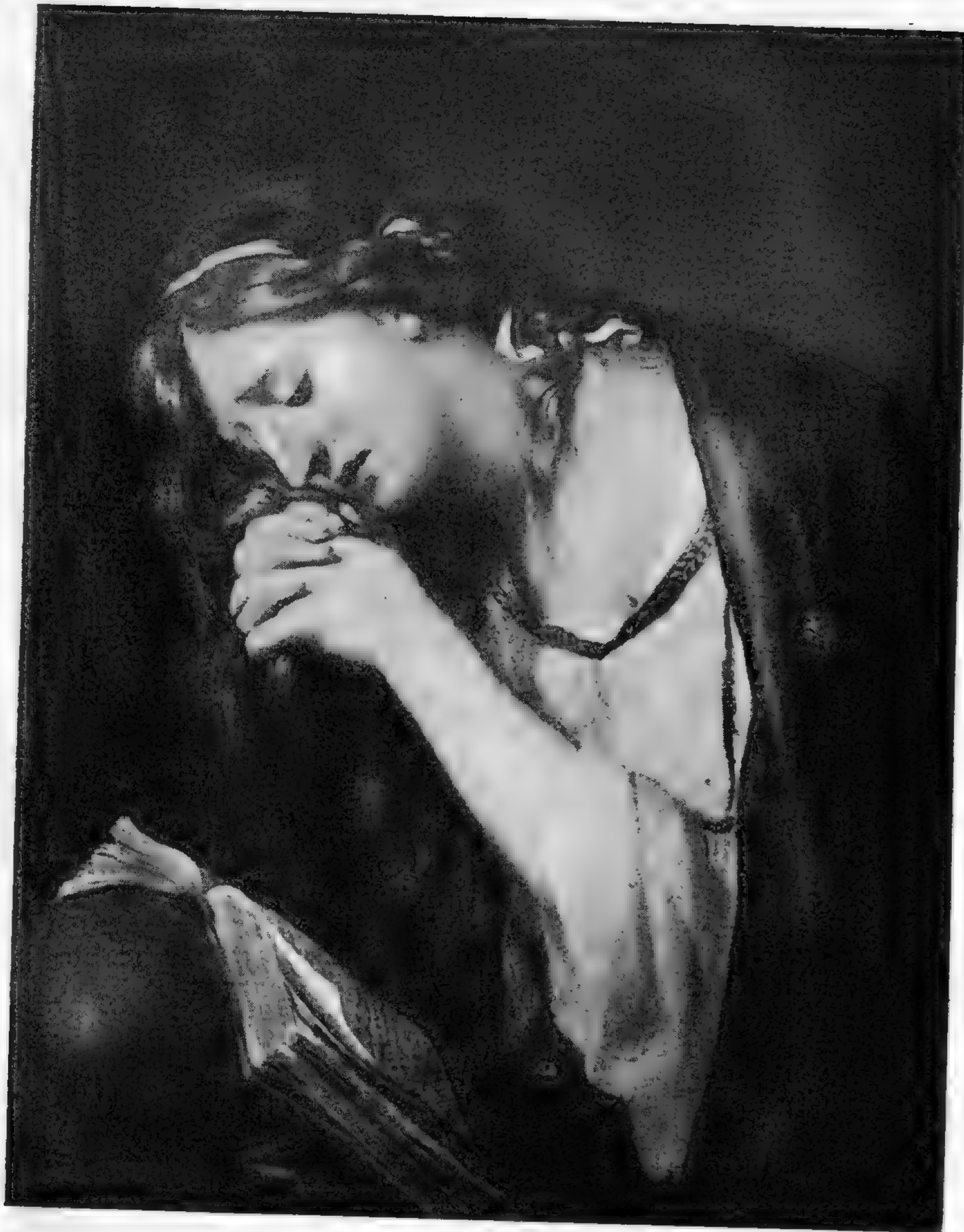
They enter; no need to search, no need of torch! In a clearing of the garden, He is there, coming to meet them. Three of the apostles are close to Him—the other eight are approaching. The dark green of the olive trees encircles them. He stands in the midst, His feet bare, His mantle thrown back from his shoulders, His white woollen tunic touched with light as with silver, under the moonbeams, sorrowful, pitiful, yet majestic in surrender. The crowd falter and hesitate. Judas, struck with amazement, in his bewilderment goes forward, and, scarce knowing what he does, takes the two hands of his master in his own, bends forward and kisses Him. Jesus asks him why he has come; then holding him slightly away and looking into his face, "O Judas dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" His voice is very gentle as He asks the crowd whom they seek, yet it drives them back, and

throws them to the ground, and He who had seen Satan fall from heaven like lightning, now sees His assailants prone before Him. As they rise, He says again that it is He they are seeking, and therefore they must let His friends go their way. But, taking courage, some of the apostles ask if they may not now defend Him and themselves. A sword gleams in the hand of Simon Peter, another in the hand of Simon, brother of Jude. Some of the servants advance, there is confusion, and Peter, striking out, cuts off the ear of one, Malchus, and fells him to the ground. He is rebuked, and bidden sheathe his sword. Our Lord has only to ask His Father, and twelve legions of angels would fill the garden and scatter their enemies. His sacred hands in the last moment of freedom bestow healing. He reproaches His enemies with the manner of His arrest, as though He had not been for days moving publicly amongst them—and then, the apostles having fled, He is bound. The right hand is drawn under the left arm, and the left under the right arm, and the binding cord tied behind. Another cord is round His waist, and a third round His neck, so that He can be pulled hither and thither, against the stones or through the mud as they list. The guards and Sanhedrim servants form again, the hangers-on follow, and the band retrace their steps to the city.

The Roman sentinel watching from the rampart of Antonia adjoining the Temple on the high terraces of Mount Moriah can see, beneath the walls and across the ravine, the garden, a crowd in it in some confusion and lights gleaming; then note the procession returning by road and bridge and valley, the red light of the torches growing fainter and fainter, then disappearing. What to him these Jews with their superstitions and quarrellings! He stands for Rome and she is mistress. Silence again holds the earth, the cold breath of night is upon it, and the moonlight wanes as he turns again to keep his solitary watch with the pale stars.

PLACID WAREING, C.P.

* The silver shekel was a coin worth about three shillings of our money.



ST. MARY MAGADALEN.

*(Feast, July 22nd.)**Le Brun.*

Not "so long she livèd"
 Shall thy tomb report of thee;
 But "so long she grievèd":
 Thus must we date thy memory.
 Others by moments, months and years
 Measure their ages; thou by tears.

R. CRASHAW.

An Act of Faith.

THEY lay side by side, their beds close together, for space was limited in the Base hospital, and they naturally got friendly. They were both alert to things round about them, though the doctor spoke gravely of their respective conditions. The young soldier-priest might possibly live—the scholar-in-arms hardly. The latter's heart had given out under a nervous breakdown, following on a wound, slight in nature. Like most people of highly-developed intellect, this scholarly young man was over-strung and painfully sensitive. The priest—he belonged to the Franciscan Order—was merely suffering from physical injuries—both his hands were badly hurt, but he had been perfectly calm and matter-of-fact through it all, with his somewhat hackneyed, "*Eh, bien! 'Tis God's will!*" The soldier-savant had poured out his troubles into the ears of his neighbour. He was a bright-eyed, boyish young man, not at all the dry-as-dust type of learned person that one associates with a professor's chair at a University, yet he had filled one before the war called him away from his beloved books. He told the other, among many things, that he had been on the point of writing a Book—a philosophical work destined to prove detrimental to the attitude adopted by so-called believers in the Unknowable. He described his magnificent library, for he gathered that his fellow-patient was a man of education. Had he never been a believer? Well, yes. He had been brought up a Catholic. His mother had been a very religious woman, and after he began to doubt he had gone on attending Mass to please her, and from habit, he supposed? but when he got in with the set that thought for themselves he threw it all up. They—the Set—made him president of the Society of Truth-tellers, and he had collected all the points and ideas from the papers which he had read at their debates and was making this Book of them—the Book that was to teach the erstwhile occupant of the Believer's fool's paradise to make progress on the brave, thorny ways of Doubt and Incertitude.

With the eager egotism that is frequently found in by no means unloveable natures, he had imparted all this information about himself before he sought to learn anything concerning his listener. The other had been a good listener, throwing in only the comments that showed that he was listening intelligently—very intelligently. He smiled when the other reverted to his beloved library, left behind in the little university town that lay almost in the grip of the enemy.

"I was able to bring my library with me," he remarked, "three books, that is—the New Testament, the Psalter, and the 'Imitation.'"

Then the other became the listener and learned that his companion was a priest. He had been ordained on the very day that he was called to the colours from his place of exile. He had not even yet said his first Mass. He gave a little wistful sigh as he said this. His companion regarded him with interest, and it gradually dawned on him that this man had also foregone something when he came out to fight. The man was illiterate (his library consisted of three books!) but he had awaked a fellow-feeling.

"How came you to get both your hands hurt?" he enquired, getting away from himself, and his own plight, for a moment.

"I was praying," the young friar answered, simply, "and a splinter of shell caught my hands as they were clasped."

He seemed to see nothing peculiar in the incident.

The scholar smiled.

"And you still believe in prayer?" he commented, grimly.

But he was not unsympathetic. He recognised that they were akin in one matter—they had both given up the pursuit that they delighted in. The friar was cheerful and uncomplaining, but the sigh had given him away.

So they lay side by side. The scholar, with no other occupation at hand, took stock of his neighbour. The wounded priest was kept well employed. They would bring the patients who needed his spiritual ministrations up to his bedside, and the observer noted how such were invariably cheered and comforted by the visit.

It annoyed him in some subtle way.

"Your religion is a drug," he said to his neighbour one day. "It destroys manhood and will-power, like a drug."

The simile pleased him. The priest took no offence, so he got into the habit of remarking, "Another injection!" when a patient was brought up to make his confession, or to receive spiritual consolation. The priest who had not yet said Mass gave absolution, raising one of his bandaged hands to make the sign of the cross.

"Thank God, I can do that part of my office," he said.

The young savant was so pleased with his analogy between the morphia injection and the religious rite that he had to repeat it to the doctor, who was a hardened materialist. The latter was delighted, and the scholar felt that he was being appreciated again. The surgeon and he kept up the little joke, and the patient's nerves improved.

One day the savant, who was progressing well, received a serious set-back—a grave relapse it was, in fact. He had received a letter containing the news, carefully concealed from him up till now, that a bomb had been dropped on the University buildings of the little town where he lived, and his own apartment had been set on fire. Most of his library, it was feared, had been destroyed, and the bureau containing his papers—which latter included the notes and unfinished MS. of the great work on the Unknowable.

The sick man started to rave. His pulse gave out, and a nervous attack, affecting the heart to a perilous degree, supervened.

At length the doctor gave him a dose of morphia and so quieted him.

When he came out of the morphia he proceeded to bewail his misfortune to his neighbour, the priest. The latter was lying, very still and white, but he listened sympathetically to the story of all the accumulated wisdom of years being destroyed, made void, in one fell moment. What was there left?

What, indeed?

Suddenly the victim of unexampled misfortune pulled up. "You've been operated on, haven't you?" he enquired. "I heard them saying so. Whereabouts?"

"They've cut off my right hand," the priest answered; and suddenly the tell-tale tears came into his eyes. "I shall never say Mass now," he added. "*Eh, bien!* God's will be done!"

His companion was genuinely touched—he had grown to like this man of three books.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "God help you—if there is a God."

"You admit the possibility?" the other said, quickly.

"It's the certainty that I deny," the scholar replied.

"And how about the hazard?"

The priest's eyes held his.

"I'll take the risk of meeting a vengeful deity," the young savant answered, his eyes giving out a defiant light. "Despots are my constitutional enemies."

"But what about the risk of finding yourself forgiven—when you have nothing to give? What if you find that Christ really did die for you when you can no longer die for Christ?"

The young scholar was silent.

"You priests don't often put it like that," he observed.

At this moment the surgeon appeared.

"Is the pain bad?" he asked of the priest.

"Fairly," was the reply, "but, no, no! not bad enough for that"—the surgeon had produced his syringe—"please, not that!"

The doctor replaced the little leather case.

"As you will," he said, "but I warn you, the pain will grow intolerable."

When he had gone the priest looked across at his neighbour.

"You see," he said, "I take religion, but not the other drug."

The savant fell to thinking. He watched the other lying there, in pain, too great to permit him so much as to open his eyes, till they brought a boy up to see him—a boy who had lost heart, and one arm.

"Courage!" the friar said, and smiled cheerily. "Courage, brother; God's behind it all, and heaven's at the end."

The boy went away, smiling likewise, for the sick man's smile was infectious.

The watcher gave himself to meditation.

Here, he realised, was this man, who in the very act of losing his all had retained, nay, acquired all! The wisdom of the three books which made up his library was compact in his mind—made up its substance. They had got lost, those three little volumes, in the muddle of the hospital, so the priest had told him, "but," he had added, "it doesn't matter, I've got it all in my head." How true that was, the scholar thought, enviously, and he fell to comparing the case with his own. What had he to give of that which he had possessed? Only vain, neurotic railings against Fate. A confession of the futility of all that he had valued. The ashes of his destroyed library were strewn on his head!

The other, for his part, lay and meditated, likewise, on the man beside him. Through the long, sleepless hours he lay and watched the scholar breathing heavily in his artificially induced sleep.

He had grown fond of his companion—folk did get fond of the young savant—and his mind was not at rest about him. He doubted his "good faith." Men there were there, blaspheming materialists, and bitterly scornful unbelievers, whose condition did not worry him like the spiritual condition of this clever young man who "did not possess certitude"—who prided himself on the possession of Incertitude. So cherished a possession that he could not give it up even for God Himself! Oh, the vagaries of the human intellect robbed of the balance of divine wisdom! He summed up all the other's past from the latter's artless and unconscious revelations of himself. His chief weakness was human respect. This man who rose up to defy the existing Authority had kept up appearances among the faithful until he came to be approved in the new set in which he found himself. The flattery of the "Truth-tellers" had lured him away from the last hold on the faith of his childhood. Human respect, and vanity! Poor things to work the destruction of a soul, of a generous soul, moreover. God had been represented to him as tyranny when he became a rampant seeker after Doubt. He now defied the threat of God's judgments as a David defying Goliath. Vanity again! Yet, what potentialities of generous service if pride would only give up its magnificent position of Incertitude!

In the course of the next few days things went badly with both patients. The scholar's heart trouble took an acute form. His mental condition tended to aggravate the fatal malady from which he was suffering. The drugs that it had been found necessary to administer, too, produced grave effects, and it became more and more necessary to resort to

them. The patient when conscious grew so violent, and the end was inevitable.

The priest's condition had become equally grave. Tetanus had supervened, in spite of all precautions. His speech had failed. He could not speak the words of absolution. The dying savant caught sight of him during a lucid interval. It was at the moment when he had just extracted the information from his nurse that he was "very ill indeed." He had lain still for a moment, and then the nurse saw his eyes turn towards the man in the next bed, as many others had turned their eyes. The priest lay, white and motionless, but he met the other's gaze, and smiled—radiantly. The smile recalled the words that had accompanied it on another occasion. The scholar knew that if he could have articulated he would have said, "Courage, brother! God's behind it all, and Heaven's at the end."

Late that night the doctor visited his patients. He went to the scholar first. He had become a poor wreck of a man, but he had held out against the blandishments of the religion at his elbow. The doctor surveyed him. The man in the next bed heard him say, "We must keep him under it till the end now, nurse. What? Morphia no good? We must give him——." He named another drug, used only in the last extremity.

Then followed the operation. "Ah!" the doctor breathed. "If he comes out of that it will be one of your miracles (the nurse wore a crucifix). Poor chap!"

He passed on to the next bed. "Why," he whispered, "he's sleeping. Give him the dose if he wakes."

They both moved away and the priest opened his eyes. He had deceived them successfully. He would be able to keep his vigil that night beside the soul which was neither in the sphere of action nor yet in eternity.

He could still pray for a miracle of grace to be performed in the soul still abiding in the unconscious form. He watched the face of the man sleeping the heavy, unnatural sleep produced by the drug. How terribly the manhood had departed from it. So he watched and prayed. Prayed through long hours of unspeakable agony. Feigning sleep and breathing the measured breath of the sleeper when the nurse approached.

Opium, as everyone knows, produces vivid dreams, and the savant dreamed a dream. A dream that, like all dreams, collected the material of which it was woven from impressions existing in the brain. The scholar dreamt that he was dead, and that he stood before the Vision of God, and the beauty and splendour of this vision made him faint with the desire to worship. But as he attempted to fall down in adoration a voice said, "Nay. Man can worship in one way only—by faith. Blessed are they that have not seen yet have believed."

And he realised that he, indeed, could not give his soul to worship, for the will is part of the soul, and his will no

longer possessed freedom—he believed without choice. And he knew, too, that memory is a power of the soul, and memory held only the refusal, the turning aside—the stubborn, unbent knee. So the three powers of his soul, memory, understanding, and will, turned on him and rent him.

“How long?” he cried, in his agony. “How long must I suffer thus?”

And then he heard a voice saying, “Unto eternity: for, lo! I went to earth to give My All for thee, and thou comest hither with nothing done for Me!”

And then a great wave of love and remorse burst over him, and he cried, “Lord! Lord! what can I do for thee? What can I suffer for thee?” And the One at his side looked sorrowfully on him and said, “Nothing.”

And the poignant agony of that moment burst the bonds that held his mind in durance. The nurse, seated at his bedside, was amazed and terrified to see her patient open his eyes. The light of reason shone in them. He looked at her quite calmly.

She told him to go to sleep again. She was pale with fright. It was eerie, this coming-to of the moribund man. He was quiet, but he remained conscious, apparently thinking. Then he spoke again.

“Am I dying?” he asked.

“I’d like to see the priest,” he whispered. “I want to make my peace with God.”

Instinctively she glanced at the next bed. Her other patient was also wide awake, and he lay smiling at the dying savant. He could no longer perform his functions. The chaplain would have to be fetched. The nurse fled on her errand. The dying patient could not be circumvented. Even the doctor, who loathed death-bed religion, could not object.

When she had disappeared, the dying man turned his eyes to the next bed.

“It’s only in case,” he whispered, “in case it’s true. In case He was crucified for me.”

The padre was found. He was a breezy, matter-of-fact man. There was an “I told you all along” air about him. He could not but feel a human satisfaction in receiving the confession of faith of the man who had so often cornered him in sophistical argument.

When the nurse came back from fetching the priest the dying patient turned his head again to the occupant of the next bed. The nurse’s attention was also diverted at the moment.

“It’s only in case,” he whispered again.

He lay quiet and quite conscious, making a few remarks to the nurse that showed that his mind was as clear as daylight,

till there came the sound of someone approaching. It would be the padre with the Holy Mysteries of which only the faithful may partake. A look of fear almost came into his eyes. But it proved to be the doctor.

He had been told of the extraordinary revival of the patient, and also of his request to see the priest. The latter had told him himself. He glanced apprehensively at the dying man who had mocked so sturdily at “spiritual injections.”

The other caught the look on his face.

His glazing eye cleared. He made an effort to raise himself. With one hand he made the sign of the cross. “CREDO!” he cried, defiantly. And then he added gently, “Jesu, mercy!”

Then he dropped his head back on to the pillow. The extra exertion had performed the medical *coup de grace*. The priest who came at the moment had but time to pronounce the words of absolution and anoint him.

The soldier-savant was dead, and the soldier-priest lay smiling at him.

ENID DINNIS.

By-Thoughts on the Precious Blood.

THE titular Devotion of July will have, for many of us this year, a special and poignant significance. We shall trace a resemblance between these days of sorrow and strife, and those which saw the institution of the festival of the Precious Blood; and have a better chance of understanding the intense love and gratitude with which Pius IX, the exile of Gaeta, turned towards the true antidote of men’s evil passions, the true balm of their griefs.

We shall be better able, too, to realise that it was no mere personal or national instinct that the Pontiff obeyed; no temporary, passing need that he sought to satisfy. The inarticulate cry of the whole world sounds in his fiat. The voice of the whole travelling creation joins with his voice, in the desire “to venerate with solemn rite the price of our redemption.”

It has been well said that, from the moment that the doom of Adam fell from the lips of God, “the shadow of the Precious Blood fell across the world.”

Through ignorance and savagery, through gross superstition and cruel rite, we catch the glimmer of intuition; and see men recognise against their will, the element of redemption.

As a great scholar aptly puts it—“the disposition of blood in the most primitive form of sacrifice shows clearly its central significance.” We know that not only religious, but domestic

and national, compacts made their final appeal to it, and were sanctified by its use.

There was no serious concern of life in which the mystical Ego—known as “the blood-soul”—did not take its share. Herodotus says of the Scythians that they concluded agreements by wounding themselves, and drinking each the other's blood in a bowl of wine. The peace which ended a blood-feud was made by the same ceremony; though it is interesting to note, that in that case, the blood would be drunk by the peace-makers, kneeling.

When blood was used for charms or spells, that of victims offered in sacrifice, or of persons who had died a violent death, was generally chosen.

Sometimes—indeed, perhaps, invariably—it was thought to confer the characteristic virtue of the slain, as when the Indians of Huron, having murdered the Jesuit, Jean de Brebeuf, were so struck by his fortitude under torture that they were eager to drink his blood—and inherit his courage! Even to be smeared with the victim's blood was held to bring some secondary benefit. It suggested, at least, the idea of oneness.

So again and again has the mind of man groped towards the truth it was incapable of realising, and sought satisfaction of a God-given yearning in some ghastly human device.

It is probable that there was but little truth in the charges of Ritual Murder—the capture and murder of a Christian child at Passover-time—brought against the mediaeval Jews. These accusations were sternly discouraged by the then Pontiffs, but the thought behind them is significant.

The Jews, left without sacrifice for sin, yet still a deeply religious people, would necessarily yearn for some ceremony of expiation. It was a not unnatural inference that those who would not accept the Great Sacrifice might be led back into murderous heathen rites—and, in the more nervous and excitable, such a thought bred panic—deplorable indeed, but not unexplainable, if once we take the trouble to realise how completely our forefathers identified confidence in Christ's Atonement with humanity and tenderness towards others. Of those who had not that confidence, they could hope but little, recognising it as *their own* only safeguard against mortal fear—and from the bloodthirstiness and reckless cruelty in which fear too often expresses itself.

The “History of the Sangrael” illustrates this mental attitude. Here, the thought of the Precious Blood and of everything connected with its shedding is represented as the source of knightly courage and serene self-possession.

Those who followed the Holy Quest, and hoped to see “the token and likeness of the Sangrael,” had to repent and be shriven of their sins, and then to fear no danger; or, at least, to control their natural fears.

Superstition is hateful to the knights of the Grael. Of a magic spell which involves the shedding of blood, Sir Galahad

and Sir Percivale declare they would “never be slain” than help to work it.

A tempest of thunder and lightning “as all the world would have broken” does not distract Sir Galahad from the needs of a wounded knight—“Truly,” said Sir Galahad, “I shall succour him for His sake that he calleth upon.”

And the incomparable ideal of which Malory's narrative can but give us glimpses, which can only be imperfectly suggested by literature, was maintained by the mere hope of a fleeting sight of the Holy Blood—of even the vessel which had once contained it!

So great is the radiance of even the shadow cast by Light!

The differences of opinion which exist in the Church as to the nature of the relics of the Precious Blood naturally do not come within our province here. Whether we think of them as the actual blood that once flowed in Our Lord's veins (for which after all there is considerable evidence) or as blood which sprang, in some attested miracle, from an image or a rood, we think of them as integral parts of the Divine Fact, to which all history bears witness, and which belongs to “the Eternal Now.”

In these troublous times, the thoughts of many of us turn to the ancient Flemish town in which, as its own record, so quietly and boastlessly says:—“The Relic of the Holy Blood has been preserved since A.D. 1150.”

When Dierik, Count of Alsace, returned to his native Flanders after the Second Crusade, he counted “the little vial of dark red fluid” which he had received from the Patriarch of Jerusalem a more than sufficient guerdon for his otherwise fruitless campaign.

We know how he brought it home, to Bruges, suspended for safety, around his neck, by its golden chains; how he and his thirty Flemish knights formed its guard of honour.

Through centuries of differing creeds and of no creed at all, and through some of the most hideous wars known to history, the citizens of Bruges remained loyal to their sacred trust, more than once counting their own lives of less value than the preservation of the relic.

When at the end of the sixteenth century, the town was in the hands of the Calvinists, a citizen carried the vial to his own house and hid it in the cellar; and during the horrors of the French Revolution it was confided for twenty years to the care of one courageous householder after another.*

The chivalrous devotion to the Relic has widened and deepened with time. The Confraternity of Bruges, which was founded in its honour, and in remembrance of Dierik and his thirty knights, was originally confined to Flemings of noble birth; while nowadays it has affiliated members of every

* Which gives us hope for these present evil days, that the sacred trust may still be kept, and the unwearied self-devotion still have its reward.

country and every social rank. The Precious Blood is, essentially, democratic; and the touch of Nature's God makes the whole world kin!

We have said that the Devotion will have for us, this year, a special significance. There are some of us who, if death had come to our dear ones by any other path, would have grieved almost without hope; but who now can commend them trustfully to the Infinite Mercy, and the merits of a greater Sufferer than they.

"*Salvum lotum!*"—"Washed and saved!" was the mocking cry of the pagan onlookers as the victims, dragged to martyrdom ere they could receive baptism, fell in the arena, bathed in their own blood.

It was the true word spoken in brutal jest. Heathen Rome was familiar with the Christian confidence in "the baptism of blood"—in its cleansing power over the sufferer's soul. Perhaps, deep down in their hearts, the scoffers themselves recognised the great natural truth on which that confidence was founded. And we, who see "the shadow of the Precious Blood" fall over our battlefields and hospital-beds, surely shall not lag behind the pagan in our recognition of the element of redemption. "*Salvum lotum!*" will be our cry, too—at once a prayer, and a thanksgiving, however choked with tears.

Nor will permitted comfort stop there. In this terrible holocaust we all know, and remember, many, in whom conscious will and readiness for sacrifice co-operate with God.

Devotion to the Precious Blood has always had its militant side, familiar to us in those chosen souls to whom its call was essentially a call to arms. Thus, in a vision of St. Thomas à Beckett's early life, the voice of Christ is heard, as in affectionate rallying:—"Thomas! My brother! My Church has need of thy blood."

Thus, on Bernardine of Siena, praying before the crucifix, breaks the sudden overwhelming sense that he too must be as "the Divine Abandoned."

The spirit that animated such saints is not extinct. Nor can such sacrifices ever result in nothing. Sooner or later, the effect of them must be seen and felt.

In the legend of St. Winifride the Healer, it is her life-blood, spattered on the stones around, that gives virtue to the waters of her Well. And the legend speaks truth, though but by an allegory.

It is to this final miracle of healing, of life renewed through death, that the festival of the Precious Blood turns our thoughts this year. It will be well for us if our prayers, our courage, and our self-sacrifice should have a share in hastening it. But, at any rate, it is inevitable that it should come. No conceivable triumph of hatred and bitterness can keep it back for ever. The Precious Blood must conquer. It is the strongest compelling force in the world.

The Pope's Critics.

"ALL my enemies must be your enemies," wrote Napoleon I to Pius VII on the 13th February, 1806. "That an Englishman, a Russian, a Swede or a Minister of the Sardinian King should henceforth reside in Rome, or in any part of your States, is entirely unfitting. No vessel belonging to any of these nations should enter your ports." Bonaparte had written a month previous to this date to Cardinal Fesch that if his orders were not carried out by His Holiness "I shall reduce the Pope to the Bishop of Rome."

And again, when a few months later, Napoleon asked, or rather commanded, Pius VII to enter the French Federation, and to bind himself against the enemies of the Empire, the Pope answered him through Cardinal Caprara: "The reasons for which We have refused to make the desired declaration are too weighty and too just to allow Us to change our opinion. . . . It may be true, as His Majesty has told you, that the English will never believe that Rome risked everything for them. This is not what we have taken into consideration. We have only consulted our duty, which imposes upon Us the obligation *to cause no injury to religion by the interruption of communication between the Head and the members of the Church in all places where Catholics exist. We should ourselves provoke this interruption by the exercise of hostile acts against any nation whatever.*"

Napoleon's spirit lives on in Benedict XV's critics: all our enemies must be your enemies. The Pope should pronounce a severe judgment on Germany's barbarism, say they. Pius VII's answer to Napoleon might well serve as Benedict XV's to his critics: "Some of my predecessors may have departed from neutrality when aggression made it necessary, or the good of religion was at stake. You say further that your enemies must be our enemies. This is opposed to the character of our Divine mission, which owns no enmities."

That Pope Benedict XV is in sympathy with every soul who has suffered, or is suffering, through this war, not one of his many millions of subjects doubts. His gifts to the Belgians, Poles and Italians demonstrate that. His position as the spiritual Ruler of nations demands that his sympathies should be universal. Were he to pass public judgment on Germany's barbarism, how should he refrain, at the same time, from censuring our ally, Russia, whose hands are red with martyred Galicians' blood? And were he to do so, what would his critics then say? Why, that he was glad of the occasion for "showing up" the giant of the Greek schism!

"Benedict XV has let slip a great opportunity," writes the *Church Times* of 4th June. So it thinks—for the moment. When the head of Christendom has spoken out have Englishmen listened to him? What is the history of the so-called

English Reformation but one of disobedience to the voice of the Pope? "Leo XIII," says the leader-writer in the *Church Times* in the above issue, condemning Benedict XV, "who knew how to combine after the traditional Roman manner the large prudence of diplomacy and a firm hold on spiritual truth," decreed that Anglican orders were invalid. Does this admirer of him agree with that pronouncement? Not at all.

Benedict XV will not be moved one whit from the attitude of neutrality which he is following by the criticisms passed on him by men less wise than himself. "The man that is righteous and steadfast," writes Horace, "no eagerness of citizens bidding to unwise deeds, . . . shakes his staunch resolve." When God calls a man to any office or vocation, He gives him the graces and helps necessary to fulfil it. The Pope has been called by Him to fill the Chair of Peter. Speaking *ex cathedra*, as Christ's Vicar, he is infallible; as a public man and a sovereign, his judgments will be prudent for they are the outcome of prayer.

The Pope's sympathy is as universal as is the Church of which he is the honoured head. He refused to accept the Peter's Pence sent him by the Belgian nation, knowing her present great poverty; he sent thousands of *lire* to the destitute Poles; he has given £200 to furnish chalices for the chaplains who will serve in the Italian army during the war; he wrote the other day, through his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri to the President of the Argentine Republic, congratulating him on the alliance which that Republic, Brazil and Chile have made in order to insure themselves peace and progress. The same week he cabled to Australia thanking the Catholics there for the warm reception they had given his Apostolic Delegate. His heart beats for all his people; his mind thinks for their good. His English critics call him in one breath Austrophile and Italian. He is neither: he is the Patron of all his children; and, God be praised, his children love him and trust him. We thought that sorrow commanded at least silent respect. The paternal heart of Benedict XV is wrung at present with grief over the wrongs and sufferings of his millions of spiritual children. It is in this supreme moment of woe that his critics attack him!

The one man in the world who should feel aggrieved by the Pope's silence, if that silence were blamable, is Cardinal Mercier. Yet in his very last pastoral letter to his Belgian people, he defends His Holiness from the attacks "of certain crafty, wicked and perfidious minds, who are bent on spreading the report that our Holy Father, Benedict XV, has morally favoured our enemies, and has, through weakness, disregarded the rights of the Belgian people. These are infamous calumnies, my Brethren. . . . What more could the Holy Father have done for us Belgians that he has not done?" The Cardinal then enumerates the many marks and tokens of affection which His Holiness has shown for his Belgian children. If His Eminence is satisfied with the

Pope's attitude, why should his Protestant critics blame him? Have they a truer estimation of the Pope's duty than he himself and the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines?

OSWALD DONNELLY, C.P.

Battlefield Sketches.

IV. IN THE FIRING LINE.

[We give below a series of extracts from letters and post-cards written to his religious brethren by the Belgian Passionist to whose pen we owe the sketches already published in THE CROSS of life on the battlefield. Written hastily and at odd moments these brief notes give perhaps a no less vivid idea of life at the front than a more detailed and studied description.]

April 1st. . . . You would scarcely know me if you were to see me as I take my way towards the enemy's lines for my turn of duty in the trenches. I look like nothing in the world so much as a wood-cutter going out at early morning to the forest. In a serviette, or something resembling one, I carry my dinner: some bread and butter, a few figs and a couple of boiled eggs: in my bandolier my field-bottle with a little coffee, and carried across my shoulders two wraps. As I write one of these latter is about my feet, the other covers my shoulders, for my shoes and cloak are still wet through from yesterday's exposure.

While I am thus situated, about a thousand yards or so from the enemy's trenches, with shells from both friend and enemy hurtling above my head, I sometimes think of the happy, tranquil life of the monastery and of the beautiful and touching solemnities of these days. Why can I not be in your midst at least for to-day? This very day, Holy Thursday, I have seen two church towers knocked half to pieces by guns, firing from a great distance. I am counting upon a more peaceful Holy Week next year. Shall I have an opportunity of celebrating Mass on Easter Sunday? I do not know. . . .

April 2nd. . . . Yesterday I witnessed a sight which even we who are in the firing line see very rarely: a battle in the air between two aeroplanes armed with machine guns. The enemy machine was beaten, and as it fell to the ground like a huge torch aflame, cries of joy echoed through all our ranks: "*Vive la Belgique!*" I believe I joined in myself, but I feel something like regret. Holy Thursday . . . my God! O, what a thing war is!

Another time I shall write you more at length on the subject of this duel in the air.

April 4th.—This beautiful Easter Day I spent with the soldiers in the firing line, but, thanks be to God, I was able to say Mass this morning. Can you guess where? In a corner of the trenches where there was a little shelter from the wind. Over the door the soldiers have written up: "*Villa des Bossus*" (Hunchback House). The words are graphic enough. As a matter of fact I had to stand with bowed shoulders all the time; but, for all that, I took occasion to speak a few words of consolation to our gallant soldiers, telling them among other things that if in our case the Week of Suffering and Sorrow still endures, the light of the Resurrection dawn will soon shine for our beloved country.

In the village where I am quartered there still remain about thirty or so inhabitants. The church is completely wrecked, but the people come to Confession and Communion in a little cottage still left standing, though every pane of glass in the windows is shattered. Their little assemblies bring to one's mind the times of the French Revolution and the scenes in the catacombs.

April 11th.— . . . It is amusing sometimes to listen to the old people recounting scenes and incidents of the war. The other day an old woman who lives not far from the front said to me: "One day I saw an automobile in the meadow in front of my cottage. And I thought, How pretty it is! It shone in the sunlight like a well-polished saucepan. But, lo and behold, it suddenly rose up and flew into the air, and I thought my heart would leap out of my body with the fright. And afterwards I said to myself, but too late: you ought to have looked closer at that queer machine."

April 14th.— . . . Just for curiosity sake let me tell you how many shells fell upon one farm. The farmer himself, who counted them, told me: 8 on the dwelling-house, 3 between the hall-door and the stables, 6 on the cow-house, at least 15 on the barn and 6 on an annexe to the barn, 3 on the coach-house, 16 on or near the stables, 15 on the field near the house, and 23 others on various spots near the farm-house. It is not astonishing that we hear talk of ammunition giving out!

[So far, for the present, the extracts from letters: we shall now give in a little more detail the narrative concerning the duel in the air referred to above.]

On Holy Thursday the weather was more than usually summer-like and serene; not a cloud flecked the heavens, and the sun shot down its rays as if it mistook April for July. The soldiers, like myself, had emerged from the holes which served as trenches. In clear weather the danger from an attack is not so great: and moreover a rare exhibition of aviation was being given quite close to us. This is one result of good weather at the front: just as hunger drives the wolves out of the forest, the serenity of the sky compels the aeroplanes

from their hangars. The "taubes" * come forth and are vigorously attacked by our anti-aircraft guns: friendly and hostile aviators circle above in the blue, in mutual pursuit often without result, and after a while the various aeroplanes return whence they came. But towards three o'clock we suddenly caught above our heads the report of air machine-guns; their hollow sound, proceeding doubtless from the fact that they lack the support of *terra firma*, was easily recognised. We all looked up and, behold, a battle was going on in mid-air. A black taube was making in hot haste for the German lines, pursued by a French monoplane flying at a little higher altitude than its enemy: and above both machines another—a French biplane—was manœuvring. We could hear quite distinctly the report of their guns. The German saw that it was in a disadvantageous position and made repeated efforts to rise higher, but without success. The monoplane was gaining upon it, getting gradually closer and closer: another report from its machine-gun, and suddenly the German began to descend—slowly at first, then, more rapidly. Had it been hit? No one could say for certain, and so we could but wait with anxious hearts for the end of the ghastly scene. Soon we saw distinctly that a black smoke was rising from the taube. Not a doubt of it, the motor had been struck. Then came a sudden flash, and a moment later the whole machine was in flames. It fell with appalling rapidity, leaving behind it in the calm air a trail of fire and smoke. The soldiers applauded wildly, clapped their hands and cried: "*Vive la Belgique!*"

The victor—I learned afterwards it was Garros—kept on flying for a while around the scene of the struggle and returned later within our lines.

As it was hardly probable that the Germans would for the present attempt a surprise attack upon our trenches I resolved to go and visit the fallen taube. But just at that moment another taube sprang up into the air and rose to a pretty good height: it had doubtless noticed the fall of the first and was enabled to make a reconnaissance of the scene of the defeat by reason of the smoke which still came from the smouldering wreck of the machine. A few minutes later some bombs fell quite near the spot. I stayed under cover, and when the danger was past, resumed my way.

Of the aeroplane nothing remained but the skeleton. One of the two dead aviators was still holding with his charred fingers the steering gear of his machine: the other lay at his side, with his skull fractured. Both were quite unrecognisable: and both according to the doctor must have been quite young fellows. There they lay, their future career shattered in an instant: and a brilliant career it promised to be, for both had been decorated with the Iron Cross. And yet an

* The German aeroplane at a distance bears some resemblance to a pigeon (taube); hence the name by which they are popularly known.

event so terrible counts for very little at the front: it is, so to speak, an everyday story in this gigantic struggle.

O, War! who will make men understand that you *are* War and banish you from the face of the earth!

In the scene which I have just described we were merely spectators, but very often we are ourselves the target for the attacks of hostile aircraft and this is one of the most frightful experiences of this frightful war. The aviator who flings bombs down upon you is something to terrify and dismay: nothing in the world can put the nerves to so severe a test. You have no possible shelter against the attack: you don't know whether to advance or draw back, whether to take to the right or the left. The danger is everywhere.

When the trenches are bombarded, you take cover in some hole or other, like a submarine under the waters, and you feel a certain amount of security: everyone knows that there is nothing else to be done unless to wait for the end of the attack patiently. It is much the same thing when the village in which you happen to be is bombarded; you look around to find what the enemy is trying to hit, a battery, a house, or what not, and you put as much distance as may be between you and his target—and that is all. Even when you hear the hiss of the shell in the air, there is still time to take cover somewhere.

But against bombs hurled from aeroplanes there is nothing to protect you. You feel that a veritable sword of Damocles is suspended over your head—and even falls at times! I went through the experience only a few days ago. A taube dropped seven bombs on a group of us, happily without hitting anyone. But it was an anxious moment or two, and I couldn't help feeling a desire to be safe back in my little cell at home.

Fortunately these hours of tension do not last long; and as soon as the danger is over one feels the need of a little recreation—a distraction of some sort, a little chat, a jest, a laugh. So after the aeroplane attack of which I have first spoken I met a woman selling fruit and bought some oranges from her. Then I said, "Take care a bomb doesn't fall into your basket!" "I was just thinking of that, sir," she rejoined; "how horribly the fruit would be mashed!"

I think I may end on this: it seems to me an excellent conclusion.—F. C.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by FRANCIS.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth; and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and guide.
- III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.
- IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

THE reading of my correspondence this month has set me wishing for two things—a long holiday and a motor-car: luxuries that are not likely to be mine. Why do I wish for them? Because it would then be in my power to accept the many invitations of young friends, whom I have never seen, to come and see them in their own loved homes and chat with them a long time about many things that are dear to them and to me. What a glorious time I should have! There is a pleasant glen in the midlands that is, I am assured, yearning for my presence: there is a delightful spot in one of the loveliest parts of Ulster beside a storied river; there are three or four hospitable homes on the green bosom of Munster, and there is a beautiful valley amid the hills, not a hundred miles away from Dublin, where one of the dearest friends I have in the world awaits my coming, eager to show me her rose-filled bowers, and the shady nooks in which she writes down her own golden thoughts, and all the delights and beauties of her "wild mountain valley." How I should like to be able to accept every one of those pressing invitations! For the present I can do no more than pray God's blessing on the generous friends that have planned so much

pleasure for one whom they have never seen. And some day, who knows—?

One truth those letters have brought home to me more forcibly and clearly than ever before—it is **Friendship.** the truth that friendship is one of the sweetest and rarest flowers that ever bloomed in the gardens of God's goodness. The friendship of a true and generous heart is a treasure beyond all price—all the gold of all the treasures of the world would not be sufficient for its purchase. It is something to be hungered for, to be earned hard, to be jealously guarded when won—there is nothing in all the world that can compare with it except a mother's love. Win the friendship of one true heart, my children, prize it as it deserves to be prized, and in all your ways you will be happy no matter how darkly the world may frown.

I have been scolded and lectured at a great rate this month. I thought I was letting the members off very **My Post Bag.** easy when I set the senior competition last month—nothing could be simpler it seemed to me—but I was quickly disillusioned when I opened my post-bag a few days ago. Listen to the caustic comments of **Proinsias Mac Thighearnain**:—"I was led to enter for the competition by your saying that it 'would not be too trying in the warm days.' As regards this, however, I can only say that if it gives you half as much trouble to correct the papers as it has given me to write mine, I heartily commiserate you! It was certainly the hardest of all the competitions ever set in the Guild. If you don't believe this, just try it yourself!" Look at that now! It is absolutely impossible to please some people. Another competitor—a girl—wrote to say that she couldn't understand the competition at all! I must drop simple and easy contests in the future and set the hardest subjects I can think of. An esteemed member, writing of the progress of the Guild, says:—"Every month the standard of the essays goes higher, as far as I can see; and an essay that at the beginning would have surely won a prize would now, I imagine, be hardly mentioned. If the essayists don't stop improving I'm afraid I shall have to retire from the fray." **Mollie Joyce** writes thus in acknowledging her prize:—"I am very grateful to you, dear Francis, and would like to tell you of the joy I felt on receiving the prize volume. It was just the book I had been wishing for. I have read many of Mgr. Benson's novels, and they have always filled me with a desire to read more. 'Loneliness,' indeed, though perhaps not yet as well known as some of his other works, seems to eclipse them all, and ought to take the highest place among the author's novels of modern life." Is it not a hopeful sign to see these words from a young girl instead of hearing her gush over the trashy brain-poison that is read by so many foolish young people to-day, to the detri-

ment of their minds and souls? It makes my old heart throb with joy to hear of the efforts that are being made by many of our members to spread the good influence of **THE CROSS** and of the Guild in their native districts. In a country parish near Strabane, **Lizzie Rodden**, by her own untiring efforts, has secured several subscribers to **THE CROSS**, and she is still working hard for more. God bless her and all who help our magazine in any way! Referring to the threat of another member in last month's Guild, to "fling writing to the winds" during the summer days, **Lilian Mary Nally** writes:—"Why fling writing to the winds when all God's beautiful things are around us to inspire us with grander and more exalted thoughts?" Now listen to Lilian's description of the passing of May and the coming of June:—"The lovely month of May has gone. How quickly time flies! June knelt down on the grave of her fair sister, May, for I heard her wailing, and with her tears she watered the earth, and then sweet and beautiful flowers sprang up, and the sun peeped out from behind the clouds of purple gray and kissed the drooping leaves, and June was happy again." May God bless and expand the gift He has given you, dear Lilian, and strengthen you to use it for His glory and the honour of Eirinn! Several of the letters in my post-bag this month came from over the sea. A good and energetic member in Slough, Bucks, England, viz., **Florrie Burke**, sends me a very welcome letter and a batch of new friends, whose names are **Nellie Fogarty, Kathleen Elvina Gaffney, Lily Hunter,** and **Marjory Deverill**, to all of whom I bid a hearty welcome. They are good girls who will be a credit to the Guild, and I hope to hear from them often and to see them figuring in the competitions. Florrie expects to send me the name of another new member in a few days. More power to her and to all our hard-working promoters! From Sutton, Lancashire, **Sara M. Garner** writes a very interesting letter and tells me how glad and proud she is to be a member of Blessed Gabriel's Guild. She means to bring me a batch of new members before very long. Two newcomers from the city of Glasgow are **Rose Veronica Kerry** and **Cissy Laverty**, both of whom have been brought to us by Agnes McCafferty. They are delighted with **THE CROSS**, and mean to work very hard as members of the Guild. I need hardly say they are heartily welcome. I was very deeply touched by the nice letter from **Eily Barrett**, who will, I hope, write to me often. She has seven brothers and sisters in Heaven, who if they were alive, she feels sure, would be members of the Guild, and she is certain they watch our work and pray for its success. I am very grateful to Eily for all the kind, nice things she said about me in her letter. She is the sort of girl who will always be a credit to the Guild. **Brigid Trainor**, of Belfast, is determined not to rest easy until she has coaxed five new members into the Guild and secured a promoter's badge. If she works hard she may have the pleasure of wearing her badge next month. Belfast seems to

have acquired the knack of selling out all its copies of THE CROSS, but its booksellers and newsagents need a bit of a stirring-up to make them increase their orders. **Mary Kate O'Reilly** complains that she could not get a copy of the June number anywhere, though she tried several shops. My advice to the Belfast members is to place their orders early in the month for the following month's number, and then the agents will be forced to get in a full supply. **Kitty Rice** is charmed with the prize book won by her some time ago: it has appealed to her so much that she means to win a companion volume to keep it company. And I hope she'll succeed. She asks me to excuse her bad writing, but I see nothing bad about it. **May Morris** is also delighted with her prize, and says it has won unstinted praise from all the girls in her class at school. **Maureen O'Brien** loves all birds except crows. The latter she doesn't like because they eat all her Uncle Johnnie's corn. No wonder she has no *grádh* for them. I bid a hearty welcome to **Nan Carr**, who comes to us from the town of Fermoy. We have a few staunch friends there now, and I hope Nan will do her best to add to the number. We have plenty of room still for hundreds of clean, sturdy boys and gentle, helpful, high-minded girls, and they may be sure of a welcome always in the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

The pretty badge, bearing the portrait of Blessed Gabriel, which is awarded to the member who brings
A Badge five new recruits into the Guild, goes this
Winner. month to **Florrie Burke**, 112 Wellington-street, Slough, Bucks, England. How many mean to qualify for it next month?

All newcomers will please write a personal note to FRANCIS, apart from their competition papers, asking
Important. to be admitted to membership of the Guild.

For the best paragraph made up of three words from each page of THE CROSS the handsome book
The Victors. prize offered has been awarded to **Francis Kiernan**, 123 Upper Rathmines, Dublin, whose clever paragraph will be appreciated by all. Some of the competitors seemed not to have grasped the correct meaning of the competition.

There was a very large entry in the competition for the best and most neatly-written list of birds and
Members flowers known to the competitor, and all the
Under 12. work was excellent. After long consideration I decided to award the prize offered to **Mary F. Kelly**, St. Martha's School, Monaghan, and a special prize goes to **Kathleen Gaffney**, 41 King Edward-street, Slough, Bucks, England. I was well pleased with

the lists sent by Peggy Nolan, Eileen Kavanagh, Brigid Trainor, Nan Carr, Molly Boyle, Mary K. O'Reilly, Maureen O'Brien, Joyce Whyatt, Kitty Wilkinson, Christina Shortal, May Allen, Kathleen Allen, Sarah Jenkinson, Mat Jenkinson and Andy Allen.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

I. For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize is offered for the best letter or short essay on "My Favourite Character in Fiction." This should prove a very interesting subject for most of the members.

II. For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be awarded for the best letter on "A Day at the Seaside."

All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the unaided work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on **one side only** of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the Office of THE CROSS not later than July 14th. All letters to be addressed:—FRANCIS, c/o THE CROSS, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

PRIZE PARAGRAPH.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE GUILD OF BLESSED GABRIEL.

Though never seeing nor even forming to the mind a picture of a writer, we can feel, as it were, a friendship for him and a sympathy towards him in his writings. It is the same way in the case of a literary guild; and to my mind, this silent friendship of the heart, with its solace, its comfort and its hope, is a far more glorious possession than the noisy friendship that living friends give, which perishes and dies with them. But the memory of a word of praise or disapprobation, of advice and comfort, or even of severity, given by a writer whom the reader is never destined to see, remains a sweet and precious memory in the heart—a pilot-star on the "long white road" that leads to the "bright eternal gate."

FRANCIS KIERNAN.

LOUGH DERG PILGRIMAGE.—A Pilgrimage will leave Belfast for Lough Derg on Saturday, July 10th, returning the following Wednesday. Information and tickets can be had from the Secretaries, A. J. McPhillips, 9 Rosevale-street, and M. Donnelly, 95 Albert-street.

In Thanksgiving.

Anon. (per Rev. Fr. Gerald, C.P.) sends two-and-sixpence towards the expenses of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel. **A Client of Blessed Gabriel (Barrow-on-Furness)** sends one shilling towards expenses of the Cause of Blessed Gabriel and one shilling towards those of the Cause of Gemma Galgani. **Miss Fitzsimons** sends two shillings towards the expenses of the Beatification of Blessed Gabriel. **Miss Teresa Kirver (Oxford)**, per Rev. Fr. Benedict, C.P., sends ten shillings towards the expenses of the Cause of Gemma Galgani. **S. M. B.** sends one pound towards the expenses of the Cause of Gemma Galgani in thanksgiving for a great favour received through her intercession.

Marguerite M. O'Brien (Chateau de Montavit, Par Eybens, Isere, France) sends five shillings towards the expenses of the Causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani, in "Heartfelt thanksgiving to the loving Heart of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother for favour received through the intercession of St. Paul of the Cross, Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani, after novena and prayers."

We have received the following account of a favour received through the intercession of the servant of God, Gemma Galgani, from the Superioress of a well-known convent boarding school in Ireland:—

"After the Easter holidays there was a good deal of illness among our resident pupils. It was not severe, but evidently of the nature of an epidemic, and as influenza was very prevalent throughout the country we looked on it as a form of that disease. About the beginning of May a little girl, after two days' illness, showed signs of a rash, and the characteristic 'blush' of scarlatina quickly developed. She was isolated, and a day or two afterwards was joined by another pupil in whom the symptoms of the disease were unmistakable. At the same time, several children who were convalescent and had resumed their ordinary school duties began to desquamate, and the prospect before us was not cheering, as evidently they had the disease in a light form and were spreading it among their companions. It was then (May 10th) I made a promise to dear Gemma and began a novena to obtain through her intercession the favour of the cessation of the epidemic, which, thanks be to God, was granted in the most marvellous manner, though the desquamation continued its usual course: and we allowed those in whom the disease had been recognised to return to their classes after a fortnight.

"Anyone who knows what an outbreak of scarlatina means in a boarding school, especially when the disease begins obscurely, will be able to realise the greatness of the favour obtained for us by dear Gemma."

PUBLICATIONS.

"**The Catholic Educational Year Book, 1915**" (Art and Book Co., London: 1/6), which owing to the dislocation caused by the war has only just been issued, aims at doing for the teaching profession in Great Britain and Ireland what is already done for the clergy by the various "Catholic Directories." In this aim it succeeds admirably. It is a very complete hand-book and guide to the numerous Catholic colleges, schools and other educational institutions of the United Kingdom: and its 500 pages are replete with information not easily found elsewhere, which should make it indispensable to teachers and all those who are interested in educational work. The editor, Mr. B. Essington Fay, is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has acquitted himself of his task, and we heartily commend the Year-Book to our readers.

We have just received the "**Report of the Dublin Catholic Male Discharged Prisoners Society**" for 1914, which is a very interesting record of a most charitable work. The members of the Committee of the Society visit Mountjoy Prison weekly for the purpose of interviewing the prisoners. Last year 175 prisoners were interviewed, of whom 133 were assisted: and 24 others were assisted at the office of the Society. Of this large number 143 are reported doing well, only 9 having been re-imprisoned. The Committee also visit the homes of prisoners and assist their families, 68 visits of this kind having been made in 1914. Juvenile adults are also a particular care of the Society, and many of these have been placed in good situations. On the whole, wonderful work has been done by the Society with the very limited means at its disposal. We earnestly commend its efforts to the charity of our readers: subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, 46 Middle Abbey-street, Dublin.

The "**Annual Report of the Catholic Seamen's Institute**" has also reached us. The Institute does excellent work, especially in the distribution of wholesome literature to Catholic sailors, and we are desirous to thank our readers who have assisted it in this good work. The Committee would be glad of even more assistance in the same direction, and we are sure our readers will take the hint and instead of destroying old magazines, papers, etc., will send them to Hon. Secretary of the Institute at 4 Sir John Rogerson's Quay, Dublin.